

Def Squad "Don't Get Gassed"

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Def squad
Uh huh
Check it

[verse 1]

No more long roads, my time's up
The rap game is bumper to bumper, I take a shortcut
I do a 120 down the deegan
Fly past the cops, they like he's speeding
I'm in a two triple zero mb
Flaunt it, til the gas tank's empty
Yo, me and redman take a detour
Uptown, park in front of branson's store
I see a couple of chickens upon the scene
I roll down the window and I flash the greens
I got my hand upon the steering wheel, with the
gangsta lean
Watch and rings, doin my thing, bling, bling
I'm out there sittin on lorenzo's
Attractin, two, four, five, or six hoes
Uh, girls scream my name
And the hype crazy, it wasn't me it was the fame
E dub the rap sugar cane
[your homeboy drove up] I give a fuck who came
I'm off the hook like 27th street between 11th and 12th
All by myself

Chorus:

Ayo, you think you holdin it down
Don't get gassed
On the real you and your mans are clowns
Don't get gassed
Ay, you think you flyer than me
Don't get gassed
I'm a legend, know somethin, I whoop your ass
Ay, you think you hold the crown
Don't get gassed
On the real you and your mans are clowns
Don't get gassed
Ay you think you flyer than me
Don't get gassed
I'm legend, know somethin, I whoop your ass

[verse 2]

Check it, who wanna go at it, buck for buck
I come through like nigga what, in a brinks truck
Blow it up like the spanish cat, in dead presidents
Get the money, hand out gifts, in your residence
>from snoop dogg, "bitch please"
King of new york, "christopher walken" on mcs
I'm hard to please, excite me
Jump off the brooklyn bridge
Heads first, face, thug, and live
Now that my get you a "yo duke is ill"
But that still ain't got shit to do with the skills
Uh, why you wanna go against me with no brains
When I'm a big dude, and you a buck and change
Me, I got no time for playin games
If it can't ride upon the track then switch lanes
New game, watch how I rearrange the structure
Here's a hundred grand, keep the change you fucker
I'm like the magazine, my flow is upscale
My shit flourish, and yours don't sale
On the other hand, you're mad to def at soundscan
And left wit a couple of fans

Chorus:

So what you and your man went gold
Don't get gassed
I got a couple of million sold
Don't get gassed
I bet ya next year you fold
Don't get gassed
I'm a legend, know somethin, I whoop your ass
So what you and your man went gold
I got a couple of million sold
Don't get gassed
I bet ya next year you fold
Don't get gassed
I'm a legend, know somethin, I whoop your ass
Yeah

"don't believe the hype"

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